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THE
CORONATION

OF
D A V I D.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LXIII.

By A SUSSEX CLERGYMAN,
By Jos: Wise.



LEWES,

Printed and Sold by WILLIAM LEE,

M.DCC.LXVI.

[Price One Shilling.]

CORONOS



Dramatis Personæ,

S A M U E L, *the Prophet,*

S A U L, *King of Israel.*

J E S S E.

D A V I D *and his Brothers,*

J O A B, *David's Captain of the Host.*

E L D E R S *of Judah,*

Shepherds, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

T H E

Л.Н.Т

Джонатан Годфри

САМУЕЛЬ БАРБАРУС

САНДРА БУЛлок

Лесли

ДАЙЛЫНГ

ДОВЕРЕННОСТЬ ГЛАВЫ АДМИНИСТРАЦИИ

ГЛАДБЕРГ

THE CORONATION

THE
CORONATION
OF
DAVID.

ACT I.

SCENE *Gilgal.*

SAMUEL (*Solus.*)

WAN as I am with years, by dewy night
I've toiled down to Gilgal. Wicked men
Work many a good man woe. I must pro-
nounce

On Saul the rigid sentence; then away
To Bethlehem, and find in Jesse's house
A worthier man to sit on Israel's throne.
That Saul! abandon'd! impious!—Here he comes.

B

Enter

2 THE CORONATION

Enter S A U L.

S A U L.

Hail! holy seer! be thou for ever blest!
My arms have prosper'd: the divine command
I fully have perform'd.

S A M U E L.

Why do I hear
That noise of bleating flocks and lowing herds?

S A U L.

These, prophet, are the prime their pastures yield.
The people kept them to absolve their vows
Of large oblations for a safe return:
But all the rest we utterly destroy'd.

S A M U E L.

But hear me, Saul!

S A U L.

Most reverently.—Say on.

S A M U E L.

When very low wast thou in thine own sight,
Thee heav'n exalted to be Israel's king;
And sent thee forth, enjoining strict command
To extirpate that sinful race of men,

Incapable

Incapable of penitence and grace ;
 To spare none living, neither beast nor spoil,
 But make their fate a terror and dismay,
 In sins o'erwhelm'd, lest their nefarious ways
 Shou'd spread contagion wide among mankind.
 Thou should'st have been as thunder from the arm
 Of dread Omnipotence, which flames along
 Devouring air, and rending ponderous rocks,
 Which roots the hills, and to the center strikes
 Trembling and dissolution ; neither stays,
 Nor errs its course, 'till all its task be done :
 The same was thy commission, and thy might
 Invincible.—Why didst thou disobey ?

S A U L.

I have obey'd, and gone as I was sent ;
 The land's destroy'd : but only of the spoil
 They sav'd the choicest to absolve their vows.

S A M U E L.

Saul, thou art false !—alas ! too common case !
 Av'rice and popularity with thee
 Were weightier motives than the will of heav'n.
 Thus always hypocrites disguise their crimes,
 And plead religion for offending God.
 Obedience ev'ry sacrifice excels,
 Whole clouds of incense, and ten thousand rams.
 The pow'r thou hast rejected, thee rejects
 From being king of Israel.

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S A U L.

O, my sins !
I pray thee pardon, and with me return
To plead my penitence before the throne
Tremendous of Eternal Majesty,
My heart's all tenderness ! — I never yet,
Without commission to avenge their sins,
Oppress'd the orphan, forc'd the widow's tear,
Or made the virgin weep her lover slain.

S A M U E L.

Seek not to me ! the injury's not mine,
Suppose no orphan starves, no widow weeps,
No doleful sigh heaves beauty's flow'ry breast,
Thro' thy devices — disingenuous plea !
Is not false mercy cruelty to those
Who merit mercy ? Nay, to those, who, spar'd,
Accumulate damnation more and more ?
To punish mortals often there is cause ;
Heav'n told thee so : but what can heav'n have done
From thee, ingrate ! to merit this affront ?
Why now dissemble ? Merit can it be
In criminals, surcharg'd with grossest crimes,
To be untouched with a lighter stain ?
Would Levi's sons pronounce a leper clean,
Because a finger or a foot were sound ?
Why so dissemble ? Does thy wicked heart
Forget the beam of God's all-seeing eye ?
When thou, for spoil, didst Godhead disobey,
Far higher than the highest pow'r's on earth,

Thy

O F D A V I D.

5

Thy mean designs beheld, and were displeas'd :
That hour, the pitying angels in the skies
Blush'd at the sight ; and, blushing, turn'd aside ;
Then silent stood, indignant and amaz'd,
Wond'ring thy bold and base ingratitude.

S A U L,

O while I live ! for pity's sake return
To pay my vows, and make me still rever'd
Among the elders in the council-gate !
O let the people own me still their king !
I do confess my folly and my sin !
I do repent ! then let me find thy grace !

S A M U E L.

What duty will permit, I freely yield.
But providence this day the kingdom rends
From thee and from thy house for evermore :
A worthier shall possess it.—Fare thee well !

[*Exit* Samuel,

S A U L.

Nay, prophet ! I adjure thee ! let me speak !

[*Exit* Saul,

S C E N E

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S C E N E changes to a Grove near
Carmel.

Enter David and Shepherds.

D A V I D (*Singing to the Harp.*)

Be still, sporting flocks; lowly silent obey!
O listen, ye careless! come home, ye that stray!
Your shepherd he calls, who your hunger supplies
By day and by night, ever watchful his eyes.
O'er the vales and the mountains be gently does lead
To pastures of health, where you joyfully feed:
There suffers his lambs unmolested to rove
By rivers of pleasure, and fountains of love.
The simple he warneth, when danger appears;
The weak in his bosom he tenderly rears;
And supports, as he slowly conducts her along,
The heavy-pac'd female, that's laden with young.
The blood-thirsty wolf is both cunning and bold;
But his angry voice frights the wolf from the fold.
The bear and the lion, he crushes their jaws,
And rescues the prey from their merciless paws.
Nor this for your welfare your shepherd disdains:
Be grateful, ye flocks! and compensate his pains.
From his fold or his pastures ne'er carelessly stray;
But love your good shepherd, his calling obey.
The wanton, the wand'ring, forgetful poor sheep,
The wolf may destroy, or a fall from a steep.
'Tis safest and happiest to feed and to lie
Not far from his side, nor from under his eye.

A SHEPHERD sings to the Harp.

See ! see ! the lovely rosy morn
Diffuse prolific beams
O'er flow'ry meadows, springing corn,
And painted silver streams ;
While rove the flocks o'er hill and dale,
With herb luxuriant spread ;
And blooming forests to the gale
Delicious odors shed,
Metbinks again fair Eden grows,
Her scenes and pleasures dawn,
As at creation's birth she rose,
When first the day-spring shone.
See ! love and pleasure now preside,
Great nature's chief delight !
All seem to boast immortal pride,
And hope eternal light.
O pow'r immense ! that still supplies,
At wisdom's vast expence,
Glories, that human thought surprize,
But why recall them hence ?
Has innocence such charms with thee ?
For her is all this cost ?
When man profan'd thy sacred tree,
She fled,—The world was lost.
Yes ! —innocency God admires,
Where'er she deigns to dwell,
His presence happiness inspires ;
If absent she—'tis hell.

THE CORONATION

*Ye lovely visions ! (for no more
Substantial good I call)
Sweet innocence despairs our shore,
Then perish must ye all.
'Tis but a gleam of grace bestows
This bloom on life decay'd :
As transient meteors, or the rose,
All flourish, and all fade.
Soon death shall force the painful sigh,
And load the mournful bier ;
To beauty shut the charmed eye,
To melody the ear.
Low wrapt in ballow'd mould shall keep
The swain, forgot his lay.
No bosom beave, no eye-lid weep !
Prepare and come away !*

Enter to them a Company of Shepherds.

1st SHEPHERD.

Peace ! peace to Jesse's son !

DAVID.

Good Shepherds, peace !

1st SHEPHERD.

*Fair is the morn : the fleecy mists ascend
Above the lofty hills, and ether shews
Serenely blue. Fresh springs the balmy herb ;
Our spreading flocks are eager at repast.*

DAVID.

DAVID.

Indulgent heav'n anticipates our hopes.
The season's fine, the flocks are brisk and strong:
Come tarry here, (there's pasture for us all)
And song shall speed the lazy wing of time.
Here's my companion at the harp and voice,
On any theme, your skilfullest shall try.
The victor's prize shall be a milk-white lamb.

SHEPHERD.

Well-natur'd swain! — How joyfully at morn
Our meeting flocks society renew!
See! from the forests meet the silver doves,
In airy mazes wheeling on the wing,
Or sportive cooing on the shady bough.
What heart so savage can resist the charm
Of social pleasure, or refuse the joy
Of simple friendship, easy, pure, and true?
By pride, suspicion, enmity, and hate,
On sinful earth how much of heav'n is lost?
How great a fiend is folly to itself!
For no-where fit, but ill abodes of hell,
Where all is endless mischief, endless woe.
To me thy free benevolency sounds
Ten times far sweeter than the finest song,
Near echoing tabor, pip'd in sober eve,
With utmost skill of most melodious swain.
My heart e'en springs with ravishment, so touch'd
With kind expression and thy look sincere.

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2d SHEPHERD.

Nay, we intended to enjoy to-day,
The pleasant company of Jesse's son :
In one our equal, but so much esteem'd,
So much superior by intrinsic worth,
We count it favor, and we court it too,
Intrude not lightly, nor abruptly part.

DAVID.

Good shepherds, thank you. Let our happy strife
Be who shall most in probity excel,
In arts, that profit or embellish man.
To speak affection, words are vain and weak ;
And argue, that the speaker doubts himself
His boasted title to the right he claims :
Undoubted titles never need defence.
Sincere affection, like the solar glow
Essential to its cause, divinely shines
In ev'ry action ; and unconscious seems
Of that felicity which it bestows ;
So fill'd with that, which giving it receives.
Come ! let us cease. Few compliments are best.
Choose your companion, and begin the song.

1st SHEPHERD.

I take the challenge : music be the theme. [Sings.

*Music, tune thy silver strings !
Notes melodious gently roll !
Softly, softly, wake the soul,
Awake her sympathetic springs !*

Slow

SONG OF DAVID.

II

Slow and tender, sweet and shrill,
With pleas'd and mild attention fill :
Strong and bolder when they grow,
We feel the bosom beat and glow ;
Joy, joy through all the nerves rebounds,
Which dance and thrill to charming sounds.
Pleasure, like the virgin's breast,
Fond and chaste, and soft and gay,
Inspires the passions of the blest,
And chases ruder thoughts away.
Virtue lifts her brow serene :
Chearful peace and raptur'd love
Adorn the bright enchanting scene,
As on a festive day above.
Away ! far hence away ! profane !
Defile not music's purer breath :
Your skill may gratify the vain,
And bear the odious ways of death.
Think not joy to you confin'd ;
Brutes possess a brutal mind :
To sordid natures filth is sweet ;
So folly goes with fools for wit :
Ravens admire the croaking voice ;
The meaner taste, the meaner choice.
But — happier natures, mov'd by finer springs,
(Like weaned lambs, that nicely feed
On choicest herbs, in freshest mead ;
Or bees, that sip the blooming thyme)
Enjoy a relish more sublime,
Which purest pleasure brings.
Away, austere ! whose peevish pride,
Another's pleasure can't abide ;

THE CORONATION

*With spite and censure like to burst,
With base ill-nature greatly curst ;
Least virtuous, when ye most pretend
To act and speak as virtue's friend.
Be mine the pleasing social road
Thro' nature's flowriest paths to God.
With modest awe I'll cull each sweet,
And spread my thanks before his feet.*

DAVID's SHEPHERD sings to the Harp,

*When first the mild orient, from mountain-top seen,
Strews heaven with roses, bespangles the green,
The shepherd his rural employment renewes ;
From his cott, see ! his footsteps have brush'd off the dews,
His call wakes the village, his fold open stands ;
His snowy-sleec'd innocents whiten the lands.
In air, the wing'd songsters mix'd voices employ ;
The groves are melodious, the fields laugh with joy.
The glossy-bloom'd flow'rets depastur'd with bees,
All burns around Carmel, and trills the soft breeze,
His mellow pipe tunes, and the hollow vale fills
With music, which echo prolongs in the hills.
He sooths his own bosom, and vents to the air
The passion he shames to reveal to the fair :
And thus if his shepherdess scornful appears,
He steals to the heart, while he pleases her ears.
The maids of the village attentive stand still,
Forgotten the milk-pail, the distaff, and wheel ;
All panting and sighing, the shepherd's notes roll
So tunefully tenderly strong on the soul.*

SONG OF DAVID. 13

In pleasure's pomps, and gay resorts,
'Tis music's pow'rful song
Dispels the artificial cares of courts,
And all the pale-ey'd throng.

Joy, enraptur'd joy she brings,
And blameless joy inspires ;
Love quivers round on purple wings,
And all the social grand desires.

Without her brisk inspiring airs,
The splendid scenes would fade ;
Ev'n pleasure languish with fantastic cares,
And figbing droop her ornamented head.

When to the sacred dome we go,
And tread with decent rev'rence ballow'd ground
Like some good angel's voice the solemn organs blow,
And waft our souls to heav'n amid the sound.

Holy gratitude and love
Holy as the flames above,
From pure seraphic fires ;
Rise, from ev'ry bosom rise,
A grateful incense to the skies,
While music's breath inspires.

Mysterious pow'r of tuneful sound !
Thyself a proof of what thou tell'st abroad !
What ear so dull hath heard thee, and not found
In thee the good, the wise, the pow'rful God ?

D A V I D.

Well have ye sung !—So excellently well,
I know not in whose favor to decide.
See yonder on the height an ancient swain

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Stood list'ning all the while : he well can judge.
Let him be arbiter. Come ! come along.

SHEPHERD.

Agreed to that. I'll stand by his award.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE changes to Jesse's House in
Bethlehem.

Enter SAMUEL and JESSE.

SAMUEL.

Good Jesse, peace !—Glad tidings I disclose.
I come this day, to single from thy sons
A king of Israel.

JESSE.

Venerable seer !
What, is my house, my ancestors or sons
To be so honor'd ?

SAMUEL.

It is heav'n's high will.
Send therefore quickly : make thy sons attend.

JESSE.

Go, call my sons. [To a Servant.

Let's see whom gracious heav'n
Ordains

Ordains a king.—This incident so strange,
I firmly, yet amazedly, believe.—
Who may distrust the prophet of the Lord ?

S A M U E L .

Jesse, thou know'st the human passions rise
Like clouds and meteors in the void of heav'n,
To darken and delude the judgment's eye.
Sometimes a gloom o'ercasts the mournful soul ;
Heav'n seems to frown the horrors of despair.
If hope into its hollow bosom shines,
The cloud of grief displays the painted bow
Of consolation, beautifying woe.
Now gaudy nothings, like the grandeur worn
Of times in autumn by resplendent eve,
Incumber fancy for one pompous hour ;
Then all dissolve in dews, or else condense
To boisterous storms, and hurricanes, and fires.
The night of ignorance, with vapor gross,
Is made more dark ; with folly's dancing lights
It shews more hideous. Like this cursed sky
The sinful soul is ne'er without a cloud :
But like the God (who fits our natural state
Unto our moral, which we choose ourselves)
We shou'd exert free-will to clear our view,
And stand dispos'd to know and act aright ;
Dispos'd to credit whatsoever comes
Propos'd with proper signatures of God :
'Tis due submission to that awful pow'r,
Whose counsels must be holy, good, and wise,
And far beyond the feeble sense of man.

TO

16 THE CORONATION
TO REASON RIGHTLY IS GOD's GREAT
COMMAND.

An honest scrutiny into his ways,
Requires He, at the peril of our souls,
Not clearing those, devoutly who offend.
He gives men sense and means to reason right.
In doubtful junctures, what appears his will
Must be preferr'd. Obedience is but vile,
Without a ready, pure, and willing mind.
Thus, though surprize and want of proper use
To think on God, and what becomes his pow'r,
His grace, his wisdom, stagger'd thy belief,
Thy pious will submits, and thou'rt approv'd.

J E S S E.

What gracious words ! indeed, resembling heav'n,
Both sweet and awful.—Dark and frail am I,
Much needing light, encouragement, and aid,
To waken fancy from delirious dreams,
To sense of God's authority and love ;
To nerve my efforts to repair my faults,
And make me serious for my real good.
O seer ! I'm thankful to that heav'nly grace,
Whose care of me is greater than mine own.
Here come my sons.

Enter S O N S.

S A M U E L.

Alas ! the chosen man
Is none of these.—Are all thy children here ?

O T

J E S S E.

OF DAVID.

17

JESSE.

There yet remains the youngest. In the field
He keeps the sheep.

SAMUEL.

Then send and fetch him home.
We will not sit, 'till present he appear.

JESSE.

Go quickly; hasten David from the field.

[To a Servant.

My youngest son, O seer! is but a youth;
Of stature low, of presence unassur'd:
Him nature moulded into comely frame,
And painted female roses on his cheeks,
With modest lustre lighted up his eyes,
And thro' his bosom shed a glow sincere.
An open, simple, tender look he bears,
Expressing full the honest, mild, and brave;
And wins at sight your confidence and love.
Tho' no ferocity low'r's in his mien,
Heroic valor animates his heart:
One day on Carmel, as he kept the sheep,
A bear and lion, prowling after prey,
Rush'd on the flock; and soon a yeanling lamb
The lion seiz'd, and hasted to the woods;
But he, pursuing, overtook and slew
Both savages, the lion and the bear;
And from the lion's foaming jaws, my son

D

Regain'd

18 THE CORONATION

Regain'd the lamb expiring. Seer! forgive
 An old man's raptures in his children's praise.—
 The least thought I on David wou'd befall
 The lot of royalty. Mature in years,
 Magnanimous, and by experience wise
 In fields of war, is Eliab, my first-born :
 Severe in virtue all his life has been.—

S A M U E L.

Well!—Virtue only is the steadfast ground
 Of faith and equity. That noble word
 Imports true excellence : a word too oft
 Misunderstood, and oftner misapply'd.
 We many virtues number by their names ;
 But that's a species of idolatry ;
 For like its object virtue is but one,
 Excluding possibility of more.
 'Tis health of mind to know, to love, to act,
 As fits a free, immortal, reas'ning soul :
 'Tis sense of God to sanctify and guide
 All other passions, and all other thoughts.
 God, as in excellence and pow'r supreme,
 Should reign supreme in reason's love and awe ;
 Virtue's allegiance to the King of Kings ;
 The motive sole unerring to secure
 Discharge of duties, ow'd by man to man ;
 Sole motive to make duty man's delight ;
 Sole motive whence obedience, pleasing God ;
 Sole temper that in nature can be happy.
 Vice is the soul's distemper, love misplac'd,
 That hurts itself and others, ang'ring God.

In

In moral beings, appetite or love
Supplies that secret pow'r in bodies found,
Which draws them to a center. Sense is giv'n
To judge and choose in things the good and right.
All our affections are the modes of sense ;
Are good or bad, as sense is right or wrong,
Or sound or sick ; which ultimately rests
In human will. 'Tis love that to one point
Draws all the passions, all our ends and aims :
Fixed on God (the center to the world
Of free existences) it draws them all
To one true point : it makes mankind combine
Their various talents, as the various spheres
Harmonious influence, in love and peace,
In universal usefulness and joy.
False virtues, from those motives none will own,
Like starry meteors, or the mock-fun's blaze,
Delude mankind with counterfeited light ;
But God's all-piercing eye explores the soul,
Pleas'd only with a virtuous temper there.
Vice loves to feign an angel's look ; hell boasts
Dissembled virtues : fiends are true and just,
Where truth and justice best ensure the ends
Of pride and interest : knaves are firm in ill,
False honor and false interest, fear and pride,
Often impose on us in virtue's form,
But why enlarge on what is known so well ?
Thy first-born son is not the man design'd
To fill a throne.

J E S S E.

I plead not for my son,
 With view to prejudice whom heav'n approves ;
 Nay, were his rival stranger or a foe,
 Be far from me one wish to contravene
 The holy choice, which must be right and best.
 Lo ! David comes.—O ! Seer ! is this my son
 Ordain'd to rule our tribes ?

Enter D A V I D.

S A M U E L.

Behold the man !

[Samuel anoints David, pouring oil from his
 born on David's head.

This oil, in sign of thine election pour'd,
 Anoints thee captain o'er the tribes of Israel.
 The time is nigh, when Judah thee shall choose,
 Their elders shall anoint and crown thee king ;
 And trumpets shall proclaim that David reigns.

[Samuel and Jesse withdraw.

D A V I D.

This strange event, beyond belief and hope,
 Suspends me in amazement !—I a king !—Scarce
 worthy of my father Jesse's sheep,
 Yet chosen the keeper of Jehovah's flock.
 The youngest and the meanest, too, preferr'd

O F D A V I D .

21

To all his brethren.—Heav'n's high-ruling will
Demands submission.—Dearest brothers, you
My favor and protection still shall find.
Your love for me, and heav'n's deciding mark,
This sacred oil will all emotions quell
Of wrath or emulation.

E L I A B .

We submit.

A B I N A D A B .

We envy not to see bestow'd on thee
What we cou'd never hope, nor thou thyself.
It is the free gratuity of heav'n.

S H A M M A H .

We glory in thy glory : we esteem
Thine honor ours, thy happiness our own.
What can we envy ? nay, we love thee more.
Heav'n points thee out most worthy of our love.
Thy good impairs not us. We will pursue
Exploits of war, or tend our fleecy care,
As custom and emergencies require.

41b B R O T H E R .

And when our brother David shall be crown'd
The king of Israel, with united voice
We'll shout—“ God save king David !”

[*Exeunt fratres.*

S A M U E L

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S A M U E L addresses David.

Son attend.
Remember thou must be the king of Israel.
Know, sovereignty descends from the most High,
Who tries our hearts, and searches out our ways.
His kingdom rules o'er all ; and princes here
Are his vicegerents. On the righteous head
He sets a permanent and glorious crown
With his almighty arm. But sinful kings,
His wrath severe shall pierce them like a sword.
His creatures grow his weapons for revenge.
His red right-aiming thunders, from the skies,
As from a well-drawn bow, shoot flaming down
Upon the guilty. All the wise and good,
All elements, confederate join in war
Against God's enemies ; the seas ingulph,
And earthquakes overturn.—By wicked kings,
Iniquity shall desolate the world,
And barbarous arms o'erthrow the mightiest thrones.
Indulgent mercy may forgive the mean,
But justice greatly shall the great torment,
By whose example nations disobey,
And millions are undone.—The Lord of all
Fears no man's face ; holds empty state in scorn :
All hath he form'd, and cares alike for all.
To humble pride, (for pride's the general bane)
Look thro' this universe with curious eye,
Thro' height and depth, eternity and time :
Survey the minims swarming on the ground ;
Those living atoms, with amazing skill,
So finely made and fitted to their states,

Sagacious

Sagacious for their needs.—There might it seem
 Eternal wisdom lavish'd all her art.
 But looking up, behold the glowing orbs,
 Immense, in number infinite thro' space :
 Compar'd with these a living atom thou !
 Yet see ! His care extends alike to all !
 Ev'n worlds to Him are atoms, atoms worlds ;
 A day an age, a thousand years a day !
 Presumptuous man ! what would'st thou ?—Love !

adore !

O youth ! remember in thy pomp thou art
 A son of Him, who first was form'd of dust ;
 Of mortal born, and breathing common air ;
 Sent crying into life. Sad sign ! sad voice !
 To waken pity for thy wants and woes.
 Seek wisdom, and her dictates still obey !
 Wisdom secures a kingdom near the court
 Of dread Omnipotence : let earthly kings
 Rule here with wisdom, and for ever reign.
 She leads them soberly in all their ways ;
 Preserves their power, and with heav'n's supreme,
 Conciliates kind acceptance, while they rule
 With truth and mercy as becomes a throne.
 Implore to wisdom, as the genuine fount
 Of knowledge, wealth, and glory. Wisdom knows
 Alone the will divine : and mortal men
 Are dark unhappy beings ; reason's light,
 A dim and glimmering taper : scarce we gueſſ
 At common cauſes ; and with labor find
 The things before us : but the things of heav'n,
 Who hath discover'd ? who explain'd ?—Who knows
 The will divine, except He wisdom give,

And

THE CORONATION

And send his Holy Spirit from above?
 Be humble, then; be studious in his laws;
 Reign for the end for which He reigns, for peace,
 For universal good. Thy sceptre be
 Strict justice, and thy throne the people's love.

[*Exit Samuel.*

D A V I D,

O hoary seer! thy words are full of pow'r,
 And even echo thro' my trembling heart;
 Or like as flashes of ethereal fire,
 With liquid touch dissolve my inward frame.
 But tell me wherefore, venerable seer!
 Didst thou advise and charge me to be good,
 Humble, and pious? Can I e'er forget
 My humble origin? Am I a dog,
 To grow insensible to whom I owe
 My life, my glory? Does he think that I
 Can prove ungrateful, and abuse my trust?
 He seems to doubt.—Perhaps my ruddy youth,
 And his most warm solicitude for me,
 Caus'd this officious eloquence of age.

J E S S E to David.

My son, good counsel and prudential care
 Suit ev'ry season: man is vainly frail:
 Rash confidence is verging to a fall.
 With pomp and pow'r, and splendid nobles grac'd,
 With humble beauties spreading all their charms
 To catch the royal eye, (which all adore)

While

While adulation breathes from ev'ry tongue,
The best, my son, and wisest of mankind,
May be surprized into crimes he hates.
Flattery is enchanting ! Not a wretch,
Whom all despise, but in his own conceit
Himself will often flatter and deceive.

His grave advice attend. The middle life
Is virtue's easy path ; while both extremes
Are difficult and dangerous. Giddy man
Forgets that he's accountable and mortal.
The temper varies : nothing can secure
Integrity, but constant awe of heav'n.
Redundant mercies, which of right demand
More fervent gratitude, too oft inflame
Concupiscence and pride ; and are abus'd
To wanton dissipation.

DAVID.

I have seen
The same at Gilead, in the court of Saul ;
But heav'n avert such folly from my heart !
A guiltless shepherd rather let me dwell
In some lone cottage, by a pleasant stream,
At foot of Carmel, winding thro' the lawn.
Yes !—circled round with pleasures of a court,
I still shall envy the content and ease
Of simple shepherds on the peaceful plain.
Their heads vain fears, vain wishes, ne'er disturb,
Reposing sweetly under shady palm,
With pipe and song to cheer the ling'ring day,
And tales to please a Shepherdess's ear.

26 THE CORONATION

But since my lot is fall'n upon a throne,
I murmur not at heav'n's disposing will.
Henceforth my early and my latest care
Shall be to think, to speak, and act the king.

J E S S E.

It is a weighty care, requiring both
Consummate goodness and consummate skill.
Contending parties and ambitious men,
Forward to dictate, stubborn to obey,
Claim (all) precedence; and will all conceive
Impartial favor wrongs their higher worth.
Like rival lovers, each aspires to shine
With chief distinction, envious of each smile,
Makes others happy. Bold assuming pride,
Chaf'd at neglect, impatient of delay,
Betrays to ruin him, whom all are bound
For public weal to succour and defend,
Sooner than bear a rival in his favor.
Such is the fate of sublunary things,
In nature and in policy the same,
The mixt constituents, while they conspire
In aid and union for the common good,
Survive and flourish; but if any part,
Too pow'ful, turns the balance, that of course
Forthwith induces sickness and decay,
And soon destroys the being it compos'd.
Such is the doom of bodies, states, and worlds;
All health is harmony. As lenient balms
Restore the body, wisdom heals a state:
Yet there's a stature neither can exceed,



OF D A V I D.

A final period—both alike must die.
Did we attend to nature's sober course,
Pains wou'd be few, and dissolution slow.
In states or bodies, morals most concern;
Intemperate conduct all disorders brings.
Some rare benign ascendant must prevail,
If thou enjoy an undisturbed reign;
For, as I told thee, vain vexatious men,
(Pragmatical, pretending public zeal,
But basely selfish, ardent to command
The lives and fortunes of their fellow beings)
Thrust up the front audacious, and revile.
Or when they mean to thrive by servile arts,
Foremost at levees, meanly cringing low,
Behold them fawning. But despise, despise
The speckled serpents! Of thy kind esteem,
The very means they follow to attain,
Do render them unworthy. Modest worth
Distinguish and exalt, to grace thy side,
And bear thy majesty: thus guarded, frown
The treacherous from thy presence.—I retire:
While ponder thou upon this day's events.

[Exit Jesse.

D A V I D.

This day's events, the more I think thereon
Beyond my search, astonish me the more.
Amazing providence! to me how kind!
My soul, in wonder at the ways of heav'n,
Enwrapt and wing'd with gratitude and praise,
Now thinks and breathes spontaneously in songs.

28 THE CORONATION

(Sings)

Never-failing, overflowing
Fountain of celestial joy !
Numberless thy gifts bestowing,
Ev'ry moment we enjoy.
How forgetful, how ungrateful,
Vain and scornful are we ?
How provoking, and how hateful,
Are the thoughts of man to thee !
Wrapt in busness, or in pleasure,
For this world, this age, we live :
Better thoughts require more leisure
Than our appetites will give.
Whence, ab whence ! this inconsistence ?
Man's first wish is to obtain
Endless, happy, bright existence :
Why neglect the means to gain ?
Proves not this an erring creature ?
Reason, call th' eternal pow'r
To enlighten, strengthen nature,
And thy proper end secure.
Childish ever thou, unaided ;
Ever confident, yet wrong ;
Humoursome, and scarce persuaded
By thy Maker's warning tongue,
Holy Spirit ! be thy dwelling,
In my bosom's bumble shrine !
Luminary, far excelling
All the orbs that brightly shine !

The

O F D A V I D.

29

*Theo' with curious inclination,
Human science I explore ;
Shew me, chieft, thy free salvation,
Teach me purely to adore.
Teach me o'er thy people reigning,
To enforce thy holy law ;
In our streets be no complaining,
All thy truth the beatben shew.
Other knowledge all must vanish ;
All its uses center here ;
Pious knowledge will replenish,
And adorn our heav'nly sphere.
Blind, how blind with all our science !
Profit pays not half the toil :
Nature yields no bribe'd compliance ;
Deep she bides the precious spoil.
Truths unuseful or undoing,
Sacred providence does bide ;
Kindly stays us from our ruin,
Mortifies our foolish pride.
Theo' with curious inclination,
Human science I explore ;
Shew me, shew me, thy salvation !
Teach me purely to adore.*

E N D o f A c t I.

A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E *Ziklag.*

Enter David, Joab, and Soldiers.

D A V I D.

THUS since the day Philistia's champion fell
At Ephisdammim, by my sling subdu'd,
And flow'r-crown'd virgins in their dances
fung

Sublime encomiums on the victor, Saul
Conceiv'd offence; and with relentless hate,
Inexorable malice, seeks my life.
The very meed of my victorious arms,
The lovely Michal, he design'd a snare;
(Perfidious man!—) but saved by her love,
I stole away as conscious thieves by night;
Like the vile bird, compell'd to shun the day,
I roam'd in darkness with the mountain wolves.
My wife he forc'd to wed the son of Laish!
When he, abandon'd to the fiend despair,
And all the tortures of a guilty soul,
For anguish roaring, curs'd his very being,
And wish'd annihilation! then my lyre,

With

With heav'nly anthems, lull'd his hell-like woes.
 Ev'n while I calm'd his soul to blissful peace,
 The wretch, propense to shed my guiltless blood,
 Launch'd his jav'lin at my naked breast.
 So wicked men requite our truth and love.
 I then had fall'n a victim to his wrath,
 Had not the friendship of his gen'rous son
 Become my sanctuary. Generous son !
 Knit with my heart, my promise sworn to thee
 Shall be as stable as the sun and moon.
 We both will govern ; thou by filial right,
 And I by God's appointment, on that day,
 When Saul my persecutor breathes no more.
 Saul yet survives ; but sure that sacred oil
 The holy prophet pour'd upon my head,
 Portends his death ; ay, and his sudden death.
 Yet that is not my wish !

J O A B

What ! dost thou wish
 Thy foe to live, and his luxurious pride
 Consume the riches of the holy land ?
 While we thy friends forlorn, thy faithful friends,
 Companions in thy fortunes, waste our days
 In want and hardships, exiles in the wild ;
 Deny'd our jocund friends and pleasing homes.
 Foe to thy friends ! and friendly to thy foes !
 What fool will serve thee ?—O ! that Saul were dead !
 Perhaps he's dead already : for a friend,
 Three days ago, from Gilboa there came,
 Who told, The Philistines and Hebrews then

32 THE CORONATION

Were on the edge of battle. May he fall !
My heart with rapture wou'd imbibe the news !

DAVID.

O Joab ! ev'n I tremble at the thought !
Whene'er my fancy pictures Saul in death,
I feel a mixture, strong of love and awe,
Rush in and melt the rigor of my heart,
Tho' cruel Saul so ill rewards my love.
For, like a wolf enrag'd with thirst of blood,
That o'er the hills pursues the bounding roe,
He me pursues, and hunts my wretched life ;
Tho' twice, thou know'st, I fairly spar'd his own.
First, at Engedi, in the darksome cave,
Where turn'd he in, while secret there we lay,
I cut the skirt from his embroider'd robe ;
And he, unwitting, rose and went his way.
I called—" Saul ! my father ! see thy life
" Was given to-day into my guiltless hand.
" See here the skirt of thy embroider'd robe.
" Let this attest my loyalty and truth."
His heart relenting, then he wept for joy ;
Sware endless friendship with a fond embrace,
And vow'd an offering for my safe return.
But, ah ! too soon his ruling passion rose ;
Revengeful malice banish'd milder thoughts.
Again my life he sought, again I fled.
His life again I spar'd, in dead of night,
When camp'd on top of Hachilah he slept.
Slumber secure, instill'd from heav'n, had seal'd
Each centry's eyes ; and all the watch-fires round

Smoulder'd

Smoulder'd in ashes. From his tent I bore
 A cruse of water, and the royal spear;
 But, in compassion, spar'd the monarch's life.
 At morn, I call'd him from a neighb'ring hill;
 And holding out the cruse, and royal spear—
 “ Lord, judge between us: O! my king and fa-
 ther !

“ Over thy life, how tender have I been !
 “ So righteous heav'n shew tenderness to mine !”
 Then touch'd with gratitude, he wept; he bless'd
 His pious son; and, blessing me, departed.
 What strange attachment links him to my soul !
 I could abjure the kingdom for his sake.
 Long may he live, and happy may he reign !

JOAB.

Good heav'n forbid ! Is David Israel's king ?
 No ! but a vagrant; basely banish'd out
 From God's inheritance, to serve strange gods.
 Our lives are not in safety, while Saul lives.

DAVID.

I know it is determin'd, I must reign:
 Regard not when. I shou'd rejoice to see
 My father happy. Never should his name,
 Offensive to thine ears, unclose my lips,
 And rouze such tempest in thy 'vengeful breast,
 Could I contain my own, which overflows.
 For thou and I, whene'er we mention Saul,
 Enkindle keen resentments in our minds,
 Discordant as careering floods and fires

34 THE CORONATION

In ancient chaos, ere th'Omnific word
 Silenc'd their fury. In each scene I see,
 In ev'ry sound, my raving fancy finds
 Something to wake my tenderneſs and woes.
 Let both, my friend, refrain from this discourse;
 Like ſkilful pilots, ſhun the rocky shores
 And pointed capes, where fatal eddies run.
 Some uſeful buſineſs may divert our thoughts.
 At preſent, Joab, let us ſend about
 To all our friends, where we reception found,
 And hospitable refuge, presents, meet
 To teſtify our gratitudē. The ſpoil
 Taken from Amalek, with ample ſtore,
 Supplies occaſion. I commit to thee,
 Joab, the care of ſending: thou direct,
 And ſee the buſineſs done.

J O A B.

Sir, I obey.

[Exit Joab.

D A V I D.

Mean while, my friends, if we reward with gifts
 Our friends and allies, instruments of good,
 The Author more demands our highest praise.
 To strains heroic, let us wake the lyre,
 And ſing our great Deliverer. [ſings.

*Arife !
 Arife, Jebovab ! with thy awful nod,
 Scatter thy trembling enemies abroad ;*

Like

*Like chaff in whirlwinds borne away,
The wicked in thy wrath decay.*

*Him, lo ! the glorious cherubs bore ;
On wings of rapid winds He came ;
Fury and terror flew before ;
Earth shook, and heav'n's eternal frame.*

*Horrid darkness roll'd around ;
Tumultuous back the roaring ocean fled,
And naked left his oozy bed ;
Blue lightnings flam'd along the ground.*

*Our enemies in disarray,
Pale and crying, fled away.*

*Jehovab is my strength and pow'r,
My lamp of unextinguishable light,
My shield, my rock, my lofty tow'r ;
He guards my life, and guides my ways aright.*

*Train'd by his almighty care,
Invincible I rush to war ;
Swifter than the mountain roe,
Stronger than the strongest bow.*

I have pursu'd—I have destroy'd—

I turned not again,

*Until my slaughter'd enemies lay void
Of genial life, in heaps upon the plain.*

*My vanquish'd foes no more shall rise,
Their necks beneath my foot-steps lie.
Omnipotence, which rules the skies,
Shall set his servant's glory high.*

*Then thanks, Jehovab, thanks to Thee,
Whose tender mercy sets me free :
Unto remotest lands I'll sing
Thy praises, great eternal King !*

Enter an Amalekite, with his cloaths rent, and dust upon his head. Falls prostrate before David.

D A V I D.

Whence art thou, stranger?

A M A L E K I T E.

From the camp of Saul.
My lord, I am escaped from the battle,

D A V I D.

How went the battle?

A M A L E K I T E.

Woful was the day!
For Israel fled, and countless numbers fell.
The king is dead, and Jonathan his son.

D A V I D.

How dost thou know, young man, that they are
dead?

A M A L E K I T E.

I chanc'd to be on Gilboa, when Saul,
With toil and grief, and bleeding wounds nigh
spent,
Stood leaning on his spear, tho' close pursu'd
With chariots and with horsemen. Looking round,
He me espy'd, and call'd me—"Who art thou?"

I

I answer'd, "I am Amalekite." He cry'd—
 "I pray thee slay me, for my life is pain." At his request I slew him: I was sure
 He could not live, for he was fall'n to th' earth, Behold, thy servant brings unto my lord
 The crown he wore, the bracelet from his arm.

DAVID.

O heavy news! and wounding to my soul!
 Alas, for Jonathan! my dearest friend!
 O Jonathan! O Jonathan's no more!—
 What countryman art thou?

AMALEKITE.

Of Amalek.

DAVID.

And didst thou slay the king? Didst thou not fear
 To stretch thine arm against the Lord's anointed?
 Hence with this varlet! Let the villain die,
 Whose heart was bold to such an impious deed!
 Die! and thy blood be on thy guilty head!

[Guards lead forth the Amalekite.]

O theme for mourning! Wicked hands have slain
 The Lord's anointed! Slain his princely son,
 To whose incomparable love, I owe
 That now I live: no more shall meet on earth,
 With looks endearing, David's eyes and thine!
 We meet no more, until I pass to thee,
 The way all go, but none again return;
 The gloomy passage to a state unknown,

With

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With horror thought on, 'till celestial hope
Discover mercy, and the struggling soul
From hideous darkness convoy safe to heav'n.
O Jonathan ! that way is safe to thee !
Thou goest foremost to the bright abodes :
I hope to meet thee with unclouded joy.
Ye bright abodes ! where ever-peaceful dwells
Endearing friendship ; where in bow'rs of bliss
The weary rest — There Jonathan does reign ;
Where traitors touch not the unfading crown.
O happy change ! Why all this tumult here !
On cursed earth, why all this bloody rage
For mortal majesty, and scepters born
(To mock our pride) with sorrow for a day !
The greatest king, with earthly grandeur round,
A loathsome dunghill, or a cot surveys,
Compar'd with scenes they contemplate above.
O happy change, my friend ! yet wish I still
Mercy had spar'd thee longer from the skies,
To cheer my gloomy span. —

Our foes rejoice,
And proudly triumph in the cause we mourn.
Those fell barbarians, with insatiate wrath,
Insult the mighty dead, my princely friend,
Now pale and breathless, and all over gor'd
With streaming wounds. Alas, my royal friend !
To sooth our grieved souls, your harps resume,
And grayely tune them to a solemn song.

Sings.

Sings.

*Let the solemn music flow !
Numbers mournful as our woe !
The glory of the Hebrews lies
Upon the rocky desert slain !
How are the mighty fall'n ! ye skies,
Weep o'er the melancholy strain !
Tell not in Gath what shame is done ;
O publish not in Askelon
The fate of royal Saul ;
Left virgin Philistines rejoice,
And heathen timbrel, dance, and voice,
Triumpling, boast our fall.
Mountains of Gilboa ! no dew,
Distilling mild, descend on you !
Nor shower, nor off'ring, bless your soil ;
For there our great dishonor lay ;
The shield was vilely cast away.
There fell the armor of the brave,
The shield of Saul, as of a slave,
Anointed he with sacred oil !
From the mighty chiefs, that bled—
From the blood of numbers slain—
The bow of Jonathan ne'er fled,
Nor turn'd the sword of Saul in vain.
The royal sire, the royal son,
In life were Israel's joy and pride ;
As eagles swift, as lions strong,
And in their death did not divide.
Weep ! ye gentle virgins, weep !
Your monarch's eyes are clos'd in everlasting sleep ;
Who*

THE CORONATION

*Who deck'd your beauteous forms in gold,
And made you lovely to behold.
How are the mighty fall'n amid the war !
Thou, prince, upon thy lofty rocks wast slain.
To me, my brother, wast thou very dear !
For thee, my brother, leaves my heart in pain !
Thy heart to me, which none cou'd move,
Excell'd the tender virgin's love,
How are the mighty fall'n ! how set our glory's star ;
And how have perish'd all the weapons of the war !*

Enter Joab, whilst they are singing.

JOAB.

What means this mourning ? What ! does David weep,
Because — I'll say no more. Another work
Requires our application.

DAVID.

Cruel man !
What ! will thy spight pursue him in the grave ?
Thy hard, revengeful heart, is wholly turn'd
To savage purposes. In lively phrase,
Thy quicken'd feelings teach thee to complain :
Yet thou so touch'd, so eloquent to mourn
Woes of thy own, to others woes art steel,
Insensible as that destructive blade
Girt on thy thigh, as keen at shedding blood.

JOAB.

JOAB.

My lord, your pardon ! 'Tis no time to chide ;
 'Tis time to act : misconstrue not my zeal.
 Dost thou forget thy station ? Who can tell
 What factions gather ? what designs are form'd,
 To seat another on the vacant throne ?
 Whole swarms of troubles, and distresses breed,
 Like plagues of locusts, ev'ry hour's delay.
 Didst thou appear to justify thy claim,
 Cabals would cease, and faction faint and die ;
 For love or awe would fix all eyes on thee.

DAVID.

My faithful friend !—I only blame thy hate,
 So unrelenting. Thy advice is right.
 Thy prudence and fidelity are try'd.
 Take heed, thou do not arrogate too much
 To artful policy and mortal pow'r,
 And so with-hold due rev'rence from heav'n.
 We act in God's dominion, in his sight ;
 On his permission, all events depend ;
 And also many on his special aid,
 Our feeble pow'rs He makes, and He sustains :
 We are but free to use them—and in part.
 Be then His will our rule in all we do :
 Acknowledge Him in all our thoughts and ways,
 With firm affiance ; then, whatever falls,
 We know, in mercy He permits or sends,
 (Or joy or sorrow) for our final good.

THE CORONATION

JOAB

The wise in evil, doubtless, are but wise
To shame and ruin ; meer ingenious fools,
Most justly snared in the toils they spread.
But, good my lord, do I, in ought I say,
Persuade injustice, or confide in art ?
I but repeat what duty bade before,
As seem'd, unnotic'd of my grieving lord—
That is—exert, exert your strength and skill,
As heav'n ordains, and solemnly requires.

DAVID.

Thou sayest truly—heaven does require—
By revelation, as by nature's voice.—
This moment did I hear—no mortal tongue—
That said—“ Speed ! speed to Hebron !” Haste !
prepare !
To Hebron must we go this very night ;
Important business tarries for us there.
Make ready for the march, and let us go.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

CHARACTERS

SCENE

S C E N E changes to the Gate of Hebron: *Elders of Judah sitting.*

Enter a Messenger from Ishboseth, the son of Saul;

M E S S E N G E R:

I come from Ishboseth, the son of Saul,
Ye venerable elders, whom, this day,
Abner, and all the host, proclaimed king.
With peace and health, the sovereign greets your
tribe.

I come to take your pledge of fealty.

1st E L D E R. (*Rising.*)

Elders and brethren, what do we resolve?
My voice persuades submission to the son
Of our deceased lord. Whom should we choose
In justice, but the heir of our late king?
Or how oppose him, meant we to decline?
This must determine us. Already see
Our land invaded, by the potent arms
Of proud Philistia. It imports us now,
To join unanimous, with all our force,
To quell the common foe, and to defend
Our laws, religion, liberty, and lives.

2d E L D E R.

Can we be so ungrateful, to forget
That special providence, which did prevent,

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And fix our fathers in this happy land ?
Our best defence, and never known to fail,
Or us forsake, 'till we forsake ourselves.
He conquers not by numbers ; for a few
Have thousands vanquish'd ; when his eye before
Shot awful terrors, heathen myriads quak'd.
The sins of Saul drew down on Saul his doom,
And vengeance hunts his race. Are we so weak,
To choose for safety those unhallow'd means,
Which must of course accelerate our bane ?
My suffrage never shall concur to raise
A son of Saul, who, like his impious sire,
(Unhappy man !) his subjects would devour.
Saul, in each act and instance of his life,
Was false and cruel ; visibly possess'd
Of odious qualities, which mostly join
Their force, to plague a weak and wicked mind ;
Was rash, inconstant, superstitious, proud.
No less his son, whom Abner hath proclaim'd,
Displays those talents of a little heart.
Aspiring Abner will in ambush reign ;
And majesty, but sanction and effect,
Administer to his unjust designs.
Advise ye as ye list ; you have my mind.

3d E L D E R.

Freely and well advis'd !—But who propose
Another, worthy of the regal seat,
With wisdom, virtue, and experience arm'd,
To rule a giddy people ?—Can we pause
One moment, while distinguish'd in our sight

The

The son of Jesse shines, active and wise,
 The friend of God, of liberty, and man;
 Who still our hosts to certain vict'ry led,
 'Till jealous and injurious Saul expell'd
 The good man from his country? Him recal,
 And choose your captain: soon his prosp'rous arms
 Shall make your vaunting foes your suppliant slaves.

A L L.

Let David be the man.

3d E L D E R.

Then shall we send
 Ambassadors to Ziklag, where he dwells,
 With our petition to accept the crown?

A L L.

Ay.

3d E L D E R. [To Messenger.]

Go and tell thy master our resolves.
 We will not have a son of Saul to reign.

[Exit Messenger.]

Hark! surely did I hear a trumpet sound!

[Trumpets at a distance.]

Hark! there again!—And lo! an armed host!
 Send quick to meet them: ask if it is peace.

[Messenger sent to meet the host.]

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1st E L D E R.

Now find your counsels proudly premature !
All opposition to superior force
Is always faction, treason, crime of crimes ;
Accumulated like the rooted hills,
By giant labor, rudely pil'd to heav'n,
Which, thunder'd down, the builders overwhelm'd
Among the ruins of their own vain works.
'Tis Ishboseth who comes. He sent before,
Intending wisely, that our willing choice
Should recommend us to his kind esteem.
His coming then had been a glad surprize :
But, now rejected, his incensed rage
Will fall on us, defenceless as we are,
And extirpate us off the face of earth.

2^d E L D E R.

Well ! be it so ! — Have we not right to choose ?
Who to compel ? In boldly daring right,
I'd rather die, than basely doing wrong,
Obtain a triumph. He that ruin brings
Upon the innocent, prepares his own.
It were a villainy to harmless men,
Which will incite against him earth and heav'n.
Be firm ! he comes !

3^d E L D E R.

We're happily deceiv'd !

Enter

Enter David, with Guards.

D A V I D.

Peace ! venerable elders !

E L D E R S.

Peace to thee,
Thou son of Jesse !

3d E L D E R.

In good time arriv'd !
Unanimously we have fix'd on thee,
To wear the crown of Israel.

D A V I D.

O fathers !
My kinsmen ! (for I glory in my birth,
Which gave me that relation : all I boast
Is firm affection) that which you bestow,
I take with joy ; esteeming vastly more
Your favor than a crown.—I'll not demur,
How'er unworthy that high place to fill,
Because my designation was reveal'd ;
When, as a pledge, the consecrated oil
Flow'd from the horn of Samuel down my brows,
Exhilarating as the boons of heav'n,
Which it prefigur'd.

3d E L D E R.

Since by heav'n's command,
 Thou art anointed sovereign o'er our tribes,
 What can we, but acknowledge the decree?
 The ceremonial we will straight perform.
 Behold the Levites, as impell'd of heav'n,
 Come in procession with the oil and crown.

Enter Levites. David is placed in the principal seat. Levite anoints him, and sets the crown on his head. Choir of Levites all the while singing the following.

Hail! all hail! the Lord's anointed!
 Israel, with one heart and voice:
 Crown him, crown him, king appointed,
 By the Lord's peculiar choice.
 Thou Supreme! whose throne imperial
 Stands eternal; and thy reigns,
 Spiritual and material,
 Space unbounded scarce contains,
 Smile the glory of thy blessing
 On thy viceroy here below;
 That thy holy name, confessing,
 Earth's remotest ends may know;
 That deluded souls, delighted
 With vain gods, may Thee adore;
 Faith and hope, and love united,
 In thy Godhead evermore.

*That by truth, the peace of nature,
(Happy harmony divine!)
May reign throughout in ev'ry creature,
And all glory, Lord, be thine!*

[*Trumpets sound.*]

A L L.

God save king David !

D A V I D, *Rising.*

By the grace of heav'n,
Which brings me to this station, and your aid,
My reign shall make your happiness excel
Your highest hopes. That is my first desire.
But that most glorious end of you, demands
Union and vigor to concur with me
In counsel, acts, and arms. I will defend
Your liberties and properties ; restrain
Licentiousness and vice, the dreadest foes
Of liberty and government. My care
To learning shall extend, and all those arts,
Which either profit or embellish life ;
For knowledge is the firmament, where shines
Fair liberty and justice, all serene ;
And all the social elegancies smile.
Ye, fathers, I intreat, with constant care,
On rising youth instil the heav'nly dews
Of piety and science, which improve
(As providence ordains) the human soul
To God's high glory, and the weal of men.

H

Thus

50 THE CORONATION

Thus shall we grasp at once all means, that guide
To happiness and honor.—Aid divine—
The arts of peace and war—A noble sense
Of liberty and virtue:—These combin'd,
Ensure prosperity.

The present time
Admonishes to bend each nerve of war
Against Philistia; as well to bruise
The head of monster-faction in the birth.
I will not dictate to your prudence more;
But on your truth and wisdom firm rely.

David, and the choir, sing to instruments of music.

O rise my soul! and rise my song!
Inspiring rapture bear along!
On wings of heav'nly rapture soar,
The throne almighty to adore!
O place me far above the wrongs
Of cruel hearts, and busy tongues;
Above the reach of hate and guile,
The tyrant's frown, the traitor's smile!
Then will thy servant, Lord, proclaim
Thy awful laws to the remotest shore;
And people, strangers to thy holy name,
Thee, Thee, O God of nature! shall adore!
Praise, O my soul! extol his praise!
His faithful promise cannot fail.
Illumin'd with his glorious rays,
And strengthen'd, I shall still prevail.

O F D A V I D.

51

*O! for his honor zealous be;
He never can be false to thee.
So when the rubbish of this world
To vile confusion shall be burl'd,
And vengeance flame with wrath divine,
Peace, joy, and glory, shall be thine.*

F I N I S.

G I Y A G 3 0
H I N O S S

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